

The Pearl Earring

written by

John Stone

Pilot Episode

Crime Drama

FADE IN:

INT. TIFFANY'S NIGHTCLUB MANAGER'S OFFICE - DAY

Cocky brown haired DAVID SAVVA (28) stands behind a desk, opposite shaven headed Italian Londoner GEORGIO CROCI (40's).

David slides back a faux panelled wall situated behind the desk. He takes out four brown packages and hands them to Giorgio.

DAVID SAVVA

(London accent)

That's four kilos. These have gotta go to Dev Bakshi, but he don't get back from Portugal until tonight, so hang onto 'em, and don't fuckin' lose 'em, otherwise you'll have my dad to answer to.

JORGIO

(flippantly)

So how the fuck d'ya think I'm going to lose four kilos of Charlie?

DAVID SAVVA

Shit happens dude. You never know who's watching. Just be careful, that's all.

JORGIO

(grins)

Of course. I'm not some Muppet you just hired from the circus, am I?

EXT. RED LIGHT DISTRICT - NIGHT

In the line of duty, leggy redhead DC CARRUTHERS (30) And tall blonde DC PETERS (30's) stand with a lit cigarette in hand as they pretend to solicit themselves.

A BLACK SALOON pulls up beside them. Jorgio pops his head out of the window. He bears a salacious grin as he eyes them up.

The detectives glance at one another knowingly as they step towards his vehicle.

JORGIO

How much for the pair of ya?

DC CARRUTHERS

(smiles)

Sorry?

DC PETERS

What are you looking for exactly?

JORGIO

A game of tiddlywinks, what'd ya think?

(pauses)

For Christ sake... now are you up for it or not?

DC PETERS

(to DC Carruthers)

Blimey, he's a bit feisty, isn't he?

DC CARRUTHERS

(flashes her thigh)

Tell us what you want and we'll decide if we're interested.

JORGIO

The Big Kahuna... you know, the whole shabang.

DC PETERS

Ha!

JORGIO

Everything.

DC CARRUTHERS

(chuckles)

I've never heard it called the Big Kahuna before. I thought that was a special TV package or something.

JORGIO

Oh, c'mon ladies, I ain't got time to for all this.

DC Carruthers quickly grabs the door handle and opens his door. DC Peters flashes her badge at him.

DC CARRUTHERS
(forcefully)
Right! Get out of the vehicle!

JORGIO
(aghast)
Oh, for fuck sake! You're Feds!

DC CARRUTHERS
Afraid so buddy.

DC PETERS
You just propositioned two
females waiting for a taxi.

DC Carruthers drags him out and pins him up against the wall.

JORGIO
Oh c'mon! What'd ya expect when
you're showing out like that?

DC CARRUTHERS
Just be quiet!

DC Peters radios for assistance.

Beat.

Within seconds blue lights flash at the scene as UNIFORM
search the boot of his car.

OFFICER#1 holds up the PACKAGES for all to see.

DC CARRUTHERS
(excitedly)
Fuck! We've hit the jackpot here.

They high five one another as they chuckle.

DC PETERS
Woah!

INT. LOCK-UP - NIGHT

Burley white haired club owner KRIS SAVVA (68 aka YETI)
angrily confronts a fearful Jorgio.

His burly henchman DOG (50's) stands with arms folded by the
exit while Columbian cartel member DEV BAKSHI (30) trims his
fingernails with a zombie knife.

KRIS SAVVA

Now, my David informs me that you lost the gear because you were arrested for propositioning a couple of Feds dressed as hookers. Is he right, or not?

JORGIO

(cowering)

Technically, but I never knew they were Feds, I swear it.

KRIS SAVVA

(furiously)

You're a stupid cunt, you know that? I knew I couldn't trust you in the first place.

JORGIO

I didn't know what I was thinking. I saw them. I just felt a bit... you know?

DEV BAKSHI

(interjects)

Horny?

KRIS SAVVA

(angrily)

What, with Dev's drugs in the fucking boot of your car!

DEV BAKSHI

(to Jorgio)

You owe us, Jorgio.

JORGIO

I'm really sorry, Dev. I'll make it up to ya, I swear.

DEV BAKSHI

How you gonna do that, then?

JORGIO

I've got something big lined up, in the pipeline. It's gonna be worth an absolute fortune when it comes off.

KRIS SAVVA

D' you know how much you've cost us?

JORGIO
 (shakes head)
 I could hazard a guess.

KRIS SAVVA
 You wouldn't even get close.

JORGIO
 I'll make it up to ya, I will, I
 promise.

KRIS SAVVA
 I know you fucking will.
 (to Dev Bakshi)
 What shall we do with him, Dev?

DEV BAKSHI
 (to Jorgio)
 You've got two days to either pay
 up, or bring four kilos of
 Charlie back to us.
 (pauses)
 If you fail to do either I will
 cut out your tongue and then
 stick it up your arse.

Kris paces the floor as he ruminates.

Dog exits.

JORGIO
 If it's any consolation, I've
 kept your names well out of it.
 I'm the one who's gonna do time
 for this, not you two.

Kris looks at him and snarls.

KRIS SAVVA
 Two days. Now fuck off. And if
 you mention either of our names
 to anyone, I won't be responsible
 for what happens to you and your
 family, d' ya get me?

JORGIO
 (petrified)
 Yeah yeah. Yeah yeah, I do, I do.

Jorgio's shoulders sink as he exits. Kris brings his phone to
 ear.

KRIS SAVVA

(on phone)

Johnson, I want my gear back-
Well, can you get it back for me,
or not-? Jorgio Croci- He was
arrested for soliciting two of
your lot, last night- well, do
your best, and please.

He ends the call and stares at Dev Bakshi with hope.

EXT. LOCK UP - NIGHT

Dog pounces on Jorgio as he appears. He beats him about the
body with a baseball bat as he screams blue murder.

DOG

Now fuck off and don't come back!

Dog discards the baseball bat and walks back inside the lock-
up. Jorgio rolls around the floor holding his arms.

INT. UOC'S OFFICE - DAY

DC Carruthers and DC Peters present themselves to the
UNDERCOVER OPERATIONS COMMANDER (50's).

He stands in front of a polished desk and fiddles with his
gold rimmed spectacles. He has a stern look upon his puffy
cheeks.

UOC

First of all I'd like to commend
you for your outstanding work in
catching the filth who exploit
the unfortunate women who have to
sell themselves just to make a
living. That was a fine arrest
you two pulled off last week. So,
as a direct result from a search
of his vehicle we have discovered
a drug trafficking link connected
to nightclub owner Kris Savva and
his partner in crime, Columbian,
Dev Bakshi.

The detectives glance at one another knowingly.

He steps forward and stands directly in front of them.

UOC /

At ease.

He walks back to his desk and sits down.

UOC /

Please do not take this the wrong way, but due to...

(clears throat)

You have both been selected to carry out a very important sting operation at Tiffany's Nightclub in Soho.

(thoughtful pause)

There is just one question I need to ask which applies to both of you.

(scratches head)

Have you ever pole danced?

DC Carruthers and DC Peters look at each other knowingly.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. TIFFANY'S CLUB - NIGHT

Dance beats ring out (Non Specific).

MEDUSA (Aka DC Kiki Carruthers) throws her long, shapely legs around a pole and lies upside down for a large clique of vociferous PUNTERS. Her sparkling green eyes stare back at them.

Her BLACK PEARL EARRING contains a hidden surveillance camera that scans the space around her.

VFX: Dev Bakshi and two broad shouldered European looking MEN (50's & 60's) exchange packages.

DEV BAKSHI

(to Man#1)

The container will arrive at four-hundred hours. Same location as before.

SFX: A white noise as the camera unexpectedly shuts down.

CU: The Pearl Earring lies discarded on the dance floor.

BACK TO SCENE

DAVID SAVVA (28) He raises a surprised brow as he clocks the Pearl Earring.

He bends down to pick it up, then studies it briefly. He grins with mischievous intent before he drops it into his linen jacket pocket.

Beat.

The music ends. Medusa steps off stage to a cacophony of wolf whistles and cheers.

As she walk towards the changing room David Savva blocks her path.

SNOW LEOPARD (Aka DC Shelley Peters) passes her as she exits with a trolley case.

DAVID SAVVA

(grins)

How 'bout a private dance before
you go?

MEDUSA

(dispassionately)

Ask one of the other girls. I've
finished for the night.

DAVID SAVVA

(irately)

Fuck ya then, I will.

She brushes him aside then continues towards the changing room.

He follows her.

DAVID SAVVA /

(knowingly)

So you won't be wanting this back
then?

He shows her the Pearl Earring. She feels her right ear and gasps.

MEDUSA

(angrily)

Give me that back, now.

DAVID SAVVA

Ah, ah.

(pauses)

Dance for me.

MEDUSA

(sighs awkwardly)

C'mon then.

INT. PRIVATE ROOM - NIGHT

He sits glued to an armless chair. His expectant dark eyes fixed upon her as she lap dances for him.

He grabs her by the thighs and pulls her closer. She struggles to pull back from his grasp.

MEDUSA /

What the fuck are you doing?! Get off me!

He shows her the earring.

DAVID SAVVA

(cocky grin)

If you want this back, you're gonna have to suck this first.

He shows his limp penis.

MEDUSA

I'm not sucking you off.

DAVID SAVVA

Fair enough.

She grabs his testicles and squeezes. He yelps.

MEDUSA

Give me my earring and I'll let go.

DAVID SAVVA

(apoplectic)

YOU FUCKING UGLY BITCH! I'LL
FUCKING KILL YOU, YOU DIRTY SLAG!

He quickly jumps to his feet then strikes her across the face before he swings an uppercut to her ribcage. She creases over in agony with blood that trickles from a cut lip.

Her POV: The room spins in front of her eyes as he exits.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

INT. PARIS APARTMENT - NIGHT

Nine year old KIKI clutches a BARBIE DOLL and chews her own long fringe as she stands and sulks at the top of a staircase of thirteen steps.

Her drunken MOTHER (35) stands over her with her jet black hair, strained misty eyes, and a furrowed brow.

MOTHER

(furiously)

I told you to get back to bed!

KIKI

(tearfully)

No! I want my daddy.

MOTHER

You will do as you're told and get back to bed!

KIKI

No I will not! Leave me alone!

Her Mother slaps her across the face and attempts to force her back inside her room. Kiki breaks free from her clutches and pushes her down the stairs.

Her Mother screams as she hits her head on the wall on her way to the bottom,.

Kiki's POV: Her Mother lies. Her body twisted. A puddle of blood leaks from her head wound.

END FLASHBACK.

BACK TO SCENE.

She attempts to get to her feet and feels her fat lip before she grabs her iPhone.

MEDUSA

(on phone)

I've blown my cover- David Savva has the earring - It wasn't my fault! It fell out of my bloody ear-! I did ask him- No he wouldn't give it back to me unless I sucked his dick- No of course I didn't-! He gave me a going over and then left- No. Just a few aches and pains, And a fat lip- OK. I'm leaving now.

She ends the call, then stares at her fat lip in the wall mirror.

MEDUSA -

(seething)

Bastard!

INT. NCP - LIT

David Savva saunters towards his black 4X4 parked in one of the bays. He takes out his iPhone and brings it to his ear.

KRIS SAVVA V.O

(gruffly)

I can't get to the phone right now. Leave your name and a short message after the bleep and I'll get back to you as soon as I can.

LONG BLEEP.

He drops the phone back inside his pocket as he passes the dimly lit lift shaft. But then trips on a missing segment of pavement and falls flat on his face.

DAVID SAVVA

Bollocks!

As he attempts to climb to his feet he is viciously struck across the head. He yelps as he crashes down.

The HOODED ASSAILANT quickly disappears.

Beat.

With her make-up removed, Ds Kiki Carruthers kicks her heels as she enters the car park with her car keys in hand. She wears a black woollen hat, scarf, and a black raincoat.

Her POV: David Savva lies in the critical prone position by the lift shaft. She kneels down beside him.

DC CARRUTHERS
Where's my earring, you prick?

She scans her surroundings then rummages through his pockets.

CU: He opens his eyes. She stares at him aghast.

DAVID SAVVA
(croaks)
Medusa. Help me.

DC CARRUTHERS
After what you did to me? You can go and fuck yourself for all I care.

DAVID SAVVA
Please help me.

DC CARRUTHERS
Where's my earring?

DAVID SAVVA
I...

DC CARRUTHERS
Earring... where is it?

Through her peripheral vision she spots a SHADOWY FIGURE hiding behind a vehicle.

She gets to her feet and approaches the Shadowy Figure (50's). He is of a slight build and carries a scruffy beard and moustache.

She grabs a hold of him and forces him up against the wall.

DC CARRUTHERS /
Who the fuck are you? And what are you doing here?

SHADOWY FIGURE
(whimpers)
Go! Go quickly!

Her attitude quickly intensifies.

DC CARRUTHERS

Right! Turn around! I'm going to search you! And don't even try to resist or I'll break your arm!

She goes through his coat pockets in search of the earring. He fully complies as she empties his pockets.

CU: iPHONE. WALLET. ROLEX WATCH. BUNCH OF KEYS. JEWELLERY.

She studies the jewellery before she places the items on the bonnet of a vehicle.

DC CARRUTHERS /

Where's the earring? And don't fuckin' lie to me either! I know he had it when he left the club. What have you done with it?

He shakes his head vigorously as she spins him around.

DC CARRUTHERS /

Show me your ID.

SHADOWY FIGURE

Nuf-fing.

DC CARRUTHERS

You must have something. Who are you?

SHADOWY FIGURE

Nuf-fing.

DC CARRUTHERS

What's your name?

SHADOWY FIGURE

No English.

DC CARRUTHERS

So where'd you get all this stuff, then?

SHADOWY FIGURE

No understanding.

DC CARRUTHERS

In that case you can wait here with me until my colleagues arrive to take you into custody.

She takes out her phone and presses some digits.

Beat.

Blue lights flash as a SQUAD CAR arrives. She flashes her BADGE with her free hand.

Two UNIFORMED OFFICERS climb out of the vehicle.

DC CARRUTHERS /
There's a body over there by the
lift shaft. I caught this one
hiding behind this vehicle. I
think this lot belongs to the
victim.

Officer1# marches over towards David Savva.

Officer2# handcuffs the suspect without fuss then leads him towards the squad car.

He sits him in the back of the squad car then slams the door shut before he bags up the items and performs an ID check on the suspect.

DS Carruthers joins Officer1# by the lift shaft as he radios through for further assistance.

CU: A puddle of blood from David Savva's skull.

Beat.

More UNIFORM close off the car park while a TENT is erected around David Savva's cadaver.

Burly black Detective Inspector STEVE PEARSON 50's approaches DC Carruthers with an outstretched hand as she stands by her vehicle and smokes a cigarillo.

His POV: Her busted lip.

DI PEARSON
I'm Detective Inspector Steve
Pearson from the Murder
investigation team at Paddington
Nick. Are you okay? Did the
suspect do that to your lip?

She shakes his outstretched hand.

DC CARRUTHERS

Detective Constable Kiki Carruthers. It's just a nick. I've taken a lot worse in the line of duty, DI Pearson.

DI PEARSON

(sighs)

I bet.

(sympathetic pause)

So, what can you tell me about what happened here?

DC CARRUTHERS

(reflects)

Well, I saw the victim as I entered the car park. Then I noticed the suspect hiding behind that black Ford over there.

(points)

I searched him and found items I believed belonging to the victim.

DI PEARSON

Was the victim dead when you arrived in the car park?

DC CARRUTHERS

I believe so.

DI PEARSON

What did you do when you saw him?

DC CARRUTHERS

I caught the attention of the suspect before I had a chance to assist the victim.

DI PEARSON

I see.

(scratches head)

And what time was that exactly?

She checks her watch.

DC CARRUTHERS

Aw... Just after two.

DI PEARSON

A night out with the girls, was it?

DC CARRUTHERS

Yeah.

DI PEARSON

OK. So where can I reach you?

DC CARRUTHERS

I work out of Soho. You can reach me there.

DI PEARSON

OK. We'll talk properly once I get all the details in from forensics. In the meantime if you could make out your report and send it over to us, that'll save us a lot of faffing around with phone calls.

DC CARRUTHERS

OK. I'll do it first thing while it's fresh in my memory.

DI PEARSON

Right then. You can go home, unless you want to hang around to hear what forensics have to say.

DC CARRUTHERS

No thanks. I'm shattered actually. I'll just head off.

DI PEARSON

Fine.

She climbs inside her vehicle as he walks back to the tent.

Slick Glaswegian DS JOHNSON 40's appears from inside the tent. Pearson turns his attention towards him.

DI PEARSON /

Is the victim known?

DS Johnson raises a brow.

DS JOHNSON

Aye. David Savva. I know his ol' man.

DI PEARSON

How?

DS JOHNSON

(awkwardly)

We attend the same lodge in
Finchley.

DI Pearson casually sticks a piece of gum into his mouth.

DI PEARSON

In that case you can do the
honours an tell him.

DS JOHNSON

(dejectedly)

Oh, c'mon chief! We're acquainted
for fuck sake! You know exactly
how that's gonna go down.

DI PEARSON

I don't give a flying fuck, DS
Johnson. Someone's gotta do it.
And as you're acquainted it
should be a piece of cake coming
from you.

DS JOHNSON

Aye. But he's not gonna
appreciate hearing that his son's
been murdered from me, is he?

DI PEARSON

Well, there's not a lot he can do
about it, is there, Johnson?

DS JOHNSON

Fair enough. You're the boss.

DI PEARSON

Correct. And don't you forget it,
Johnson.

A mature PATHOLOGIST appears from inside the tent. She holds
a clipboard when she joins them in conversation.

PATHOLOGIST

So, there's a severe laceration to the right side of his temple. It's likely that he was struck with a sharp, heavy object of some sort or other. I'll confirm after we get him on the slab. There's also a contusion to the sinciput. So, time of death, I would approximate two-hundred hours, or thereabouts.

DI PEARSON

That tallies with what the off duty detective said.

PATHOLOGIST

I'll send everything over as and when.

DI PEARSON

I'm putting in an urgent request on this one. I want this wrapped up before my ol' fella's funeral, if that's possible.

PATHOLOGIST

I'll do my best, Steve.

DI PEARSON

Appreciated.

INT. ROLLS ROYCE - LIT.

Kris Savva stares vacantly through the windscreen.

A BMW nine series drives into the empty space next to him.

He eyes DS Johnson as he climbs out and looks up at the breaking clouds in the sky before he opens the passenger door and climbs in next to him.

Kris sits inaudible, motionless, without acknowledging his presence as a protracted silence ensues betwixt them.

KRIS

(soberly)

So what happened, then?

DS JOHNSON

(awkwardly)

All we know so far is that he was attacked inside the NCP in Soho before he was robbed. I'm really sorry for your loss, Kris. It deeply saddens me to have to be the one to give you the shit news.

Kris takes long, deep breaths. His face taut. His eyes glazed. His thick head of greying hair dishevelled.

KRIS

How am I s'posed to tell his Mother? It'll fuckin' kill her stone dead.

He breaks down over the steering wheel during his lament.

DS JOHNSON

I donnae what to say to ya, Kris. I cannae believe it m'self. I'm in total shock.

KRIS

I just can't believe my boy is fuckin' dead. My boy's fuckin' dead! What time did this happen, you say? Cos I had a missed call from him just before 2 a.m.

DS JOHNSON

It was around that time it was reported... as he was walking towards his car, apparently.

KRIS

I reckon he had something important to tell me. He never rings me at that time in the morning unless he knows I'm awake.

DS JOHNSON

Aye. The suspect had property belonging to David in his possession when he was apprehended. He was spotted by an off duty detective walking to her vehicle.

KRIS

I want answers! I don't want any fuckin' bullshit coming from you or anyone else, understood, Johnson?

DS JOHNSON

Aye of course not. I'll do everything I can, Kris.

KRIS

And I wanna speak to that off duty detective that found him. Get me her details so I can speak to her in person.

DS JOHNSON

I'm not sure that'll be possible, Kris. She works out of another nick.

KRIS

Well fuckin' find out which one. I need to speak to her asap.

DS JOHNSON

(sighs)

Rightyo.

KRIS

And I don't want this put on the back burner either. I want this on top of the pile, not the fucking bottom.

DS JOHNSON

Aye, it will.

INT. LONGMOOR MANOR - EARLY HOURS

SLO-MO: Glamorous, sixty year old brunette HELEN SAVVA drops to the floor as a distraught Kris stands over her limp body.

INT. INCIDENT ROOM - DAY

DI Pearson sits at a desk and looks down at DC Kiki Carruthers initial report. Across the room DS Johnson speaks on the blower.

INT. DCI ANTHEA MUST'S OFFICE - DAY

DCI ANTHEA MUST 50's stares down at the victim's belongings spread across her desk.

CU: WALLET. IPHONE. GOLD ROLEX. A BUNCH OF KEYS. BLACK PEARL EARRING. ST. CHRISTOPHER PENDANT. GOLD SIGNET RING. A SEALED PACK OF DUREX.

BACK TO INCIDENT ROOM.

DS Johnson places the phone down and steadily approaches DI Pearson.

DS JOHNSON

Turns out our suspect is being sought for the abduction and rape of a sixteen year old lass in Velingrad, Bulgaria.

DI PEARSON

You're kidding?

DS JOHNSON

Nah. According to the person I've just spoken to the lass was the Mayor's daughter. She committed suicide.

(sighs)

And that's not all... There's more.

DI PEARSON

(concernedly)

Go on.

DS JOHNSON

Our suspect came to the UK to work as a private hire driver, but lost his job after a sexual assault allegation was brought against him by a female passenger. He was supposed to have been deported last month. He's been living here as a fugitive.

DI PEARSON

(shakes head)

Right. Let's go and talk to him.

DS JOHNSON

Aye.

DI PEARSON

Has his interpreter arrived yet?

DS JOHNSON

He's downstairs waiting.

DCI Anthea Must appears from her office.

DCI MUST

Steve, when you have a minute.

DI PEARSON

Sure.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

The Detective's enter and sit down at the table.

They're soon joined by a DUTY SOLICITOR and a bespectacled, overweight Bulgarian INTERPRETER.

Suspect ROMAN PETRESCU (39) is led in by a DUTY OFFICER. He's seated opposite them.

He wears a vest, and has the flag of Bulgaria tattooed upon his right forearm.

DS JOHNSON

(to Petrescu)

Right then, for the benefit of the recording can you confirm that you are Roman Petrescu of no fixed abode?

Petrescu's dark, devious eyes shift from side to side as he sits awkwardly on his seat.

DI Pearson places his huge hairy arms across the table, his white shirt sleeves rolled to the elbows.

Interpreter repeats the question in his Mother tongue.

PETRESCU

(nods head)

Yes.

DI PEARSON

OK. So let's get straight to it, shall we? Did you murder David Savva inside the car park at Soho Square at approximately two-hundred hours on the fourteenth of March? That's today's date.

Same action as before.

PETRESCU

(shakes head)

No comment.

Duty Solicitor makes notes.

DI PEARSON

We're not going down that route, are we?

Short silence.

DI PEARSON /

OK. So explain to us what you were doing in the car park in the first place? I mean, you don't own a vehicle as far as we're aware.

Same action as before.

PETRESCU

(shifts)

No comment.

DI PEARSON

So why did you have David Savva's personal belongings in your possession? Did you rob him after you hit him over the head?

Same action as before.

PETRESCU

(boldly)

No comment.

DI PEARSON

Well for your information we've done our homework on you, Mr Roman Petrescu. The international database comes in very handy for people like you. So we know exactly what you're capable of. Tell us what you done with the murder weapon so we can move on and get you extradited by to Bulgaria?

Same action as before.

PETRESCU

No comment.

Interpreter shrugs shoulders in dismay with the suspect.

DI PEARSON

Look, we know you murdered David Savva before you robbed him, you're covered in his DNA.

(deep sigh)

And while I'm at it, I should remind you that if you insist on answering each question with a no comment, you'll be on the next plane back to Bulgaria to face a rape charge that we know you're wanted in connection with in Velingrad. And from what I'm hearing the authorities over there aren't as pleasant as us lot over here.

(to interpreter)

Now tell him that. See if you can jog his memory.

Petrescu leans to his left and whispers in the ear of the interpreter.

INTERPRETER

He says he only stole from the victim... he never killed him.

DS JOHNSON

(interjects)

Then ask him if he saw who did kill him.

Interpreter repeats the question and the suspect replies.

INTERPRETER

He says he saw somebody running from the car park as he entered. The reason the victim's blood got on his clothes was because he was going through his pockets. He says he's certain he wasn't dead at the time he robbed him. He was very much alive.

DS JOHNSON

(irked)

Aye. Pull the other one. It's got bells on.

The Detective's share a significant glance.

DI PEARSON

So if he was very much alive why did you rob him?

Same action as before.

INTERPRETER

He says he thought he was drunk.

DS JOHNSON

Tell us about the person running away from the car park? Male or female? Tall or short?

Same action.

INTERPRETER

He says their face was covered with a scarf.

DI PEARSON

What colour scarf?

Same action.

INTERPRETER

Black.

DS JOHNSON

(interjects)

Describe this person to us.

Same action.

INTERPRETER

Tall and athletic.

(pauses)

The only other person he says he saw was the detective who arrested him. He never saw anyone else in the car park.

DI PEARSON

(to interpreter)

Ask him if he saw the detective arrive.

Same action.

INTERPRETER

Yes he did. He says he saw her kneeling over the victim. He thought she was speaking to him.

DS JOHNSON

What'd you mean... speaking?

Same action.

INTERPRETER

He says that he could clearly see her saying something to him before she arrested him.

DI PEARSON

(to Petrescu)

Why did you assault her?

Same action, but Petrescu shakes his head vigorously.

INTERPRETER

He says he never.

DI Pearson scratches his chin as he ruminates.

INT. DCI ANTHEA MUST'S OFFICE - DAY

DI Pearson stares down at the victim's possessions spread across her desk.

She picks up the pearl earring and hands it to him.

DCI MUST

What'd you make of this?

DI PEARSON

It looks like a pearl earring.

DCI MUST

Yes I know what it is, Steve. I'm not daft. I just wanted to know what you made of it, that's all.

He shakes his head and hands it back to her. She unscrews it to reveal a MICRO SPY CAMERA.

DCI MUST /

A camera. Take it over to the tech guy's. I want to know exactly what's on it. It may lead us to knowing what actually happened in that car park.

DI PEARSON

Just so that you know, I read DC Carruthers's statement earlier. She's states that David Savva was dead when she entered the car park. But the suspect contradicts that. He's saying he saw her talking to him beforehand.

DCI MUST

(stands up)

Find that weapon quick smart.

DI PEARSON

(irked)

We're looking.

DCI MUST

And speak to that detective constable again.

DI PEARSON

I'll get Johnson on it. He has a way with women.

DCI MUST

OK.

She shows him a satisfied smile before he exits.

INT. SOHO NICK - DAY

DC Carruthers and DC Shelley Peters stand in front of the UOC.

UOC

(vexed)

How on earth did this happen?

DC CARRUTHERS

It was totally my fault, sir. It came out of my ear while I was positioned upside down on the pole.

UOC

We'll have to shut it down. I just hope that earring has fallen into the wrong hands, Carruthers, or you'll be in for it.

DC CARRUTHERS

It was definitely in David Savva's possession when he left the club, sir. I searched the suspect. He didn't have it either.

UOC

OK. Report back to your stations until further notice.

DC CARRUTHERS

I'm sorry, sir. It was my mistake, not Shelley's.

They turn and exit. He sits down at his desk and picks up the phone.

UOC

(worriedly)

Get me DCI Anthea Must.

INT. ROLLS ROYCE - DAY.

DS Johnson sits in the passenger seat. Kris Savva has his hands on the steering wheel. He turns to Johnson and snarls.

KRIS

What have you got for me?

DS JOHNSON

It turns out your David had a pearl earring in his possession when they found him.

KRIS

(shrugs shoulders)

So what?

DS JOHNSON

Well, it's a piece of surveillance equipment like the ones undercover operations use.

Kris stares out the window and shakes his head in dismay.

KRIS

What the fuck was he doing with a surveillance camera on him?

DS JOHNSON

Was he at the club last night?

KRIS

Yeah he was.

DS JOHNSON

I reckon he rang you to tell you something, before someone got to him to shut him up.

KRIS

Can you get your hands on this piece of surveillance equipment?

DS JOHNSON

Not a chance, Kris. It's with tech. But if your club is under surveillance then that earring will go straight back to whoever is conducting an operation to shut you down.

A protracted silence as Kris ruminates.

KRIS

(realises)

He came across something going on at my club. You're right. Someone is trying to fuck me over!

DS JOHNSON

I'll find out.

KRIS

What about the suspect? What's he saying?

DS JOHNSON

He says he never laid a hand on David. He said he thought he was drunk so took the opportunity to go through his pockets. It makes sense.

KRIS

If you believe that you'll believe anything.

DS JOHNSON

Aye, I know. We're still talking to him.

KRIS

I want answers, Johnson. That's what I'm paying you for.

DS JOHNSON

Aye. I'm doing my best for ya, Kris.

EXT. SOHO NICK CAR PARK - DAY

DC Carruthers kicks her heels as she walks towards her vehicle.

DS Johnson pulls up beside her in his BMW. He leans his head out of the drivers window and grins.

DS JOHNSON

Just the lassie I need to speak to. Got a minute handy?

DC CARRUTHERS

If it's regarding my report I've already faxed it over to DI Pearson.

DS JOHNSON

It's not that, actually. Just a quick chat, that's all.

DC CARRUTHERS

OK. But please be quick, I'm busy.

He parks up and climbs out of his vehicle. He winces at her fat lip.

DS JOHNSON

Aw. Nasty that. You should get that stitched up. You might get an infection

DC CARRUTHERS

It's fine. What do you want?

DS JOHNSON

I need a big favour. The victim's father is devastated by the loss of his son. He's asked me if he could speak to you... off the record like?

She shakes her head defiantly.

DC CARRUTHERS

(knowingly)

No chance. Sorry.

DS JOHNSON

Look, he's a broken man. He just wants closure, that's all.

DC CARRUTHERS

I can't. I'm a witness.

DS JOHNSON

What if I just ask him to give you a quick call, then?

DC CARRUTHERS

Take no for an answer. Now is that it? I'm busy.

DS JOHNSON

Oh c'mon. What harm cannae do? Just tell the poor fella what you saw, that's all.

DC CARRUTHERS

Look, if you really must know I'm undercover at his den of iniquity - Tiffany's.

DS JOHNSON

(aback)

Oh, well. Why didnae say that in the first place? I would've totally got it. No problemo, then.

DC CARRUTHERS

Well I'm saying it now. And if you breathe one word of this I'll have your balls for breakfast.

DS JOHNSON

(defensively)

Cool. Back off.

(pauses)

In what capacity? D' you mind me asking you that?

DC CARRUTHERS

I'm a dancer at his club.

DS JOHNSON

A pole dancer?

DC CARRUTHERS

That's right. And if you happen to discover a black pearl earring it belongs to Undercover Operations. It fell out of my ear while I was at the pole. It was in David Savva's possession before the suspect robbed and killed him.

DS JOHNSON

(chuckles)

Very interesting that.

DC CARRUTHERS

Why are you laughing? It's not funny, Johnson. I had to fucking agree to give him a private dance just to get it back. But he took it too far and busted my lip.

DS JOHNSON

Ah! So that's how you got the raspberry. Petrescu didn't do it then?

DC CARRUTHERS

I never said he did. That was DI Pearson's assumption, not mine.

DS JOHNSON

Why did David attack you?

DC CARRUTHERS

He tried to shove his cock in my mouth. So I grabbed his balls so fucking hard, he lashed out at me.

DS JOHNSON

Aw. So what did you do then?

DC CARRUTHERS

I cried. And if you blow my cover you'll find yourself in a deep pile of shit... that's a fact, Johnson

DS JOHNSON

Your earring is with the tech guys if you want it back.

DC CARRUTHERS

My head's on the chopping block over this. I'll most likely be directing traffic by tomorrow morning.

DS JOHNSON

So what's on it, then? What's going on at Tiffany's that shouldnae be?

DC CARRUTHERS

Oh, just the usual. You know, drug dealing, money laundering. Besides that, your prime suspect was the last person to see his son alive. He's guilty as far as I'm concerned.

DS JOHNSON

That's what I thought.

DC CARRUTHERS

Yeah well. Alright, DS Johnson, I've gotta go. Like I said, I'm busy.

He lobs his car keys into the air jubilantly, then catches them in his grasp as he grins knowingly at her.

DS JOHNSON

Ciao for now, then.

DC CARRUTHERS

Yeah, whatever.

INT. AEROPLANE - DAY

The distinguished, bespectacled MAYOR OF VELINGRAD (60's) looks out of the window as he sips a glass of red wine.

POV: An aerial view of the British landscape.

EXT. JACK'S WINE BAR - DAY

The sun shines brightly upon off duty detectives Kiki and Shelley. They share a bottle of bubbly from an ice bucket as they absorb the warm aesthetics.

Kris Savva pulls up in his Roller then climbs out and approaches them.

KRIS

(gruffly)

If it ain't the terrible twins.
Shouldn't you two be sliding down
my pole?

They look over their shades in question at his presence.

KIKI

Ha ha. Very funny, not.

SHELLEY

Oh dear.

He casually takes a seat at the table.

KRIS

So how long have you two been
conspiring to shut me down, then?

KIKI

Don't know whatcha talking about.

SHELLEY

Yeah... we're just having a private drink. That's hardly conspiring, is it?

KIKI

I s'pose it depends what he means by conspiring, Shelley.

KRIS

Why didn't you tell me you were Feds before you came marching into my club pretending to be pole dancers?

KIKI

Where'd you hear that rubbish, DS Johnson?

KRIS

I've got ears to the ground. But I'm only interested in who killed my boy at the moment. I know it was you, Medusa who found him dying in the car park.

KIKI

(nonchalantly)

That's right. But he was already dead when I got to him.

KRIS SAVVA

That's not the noises I'm hearing.

KIKI

Like I said, he was already dead.

KRIS

You wouldn't be lying to me by any chance, would you?

KIKI

No. So who tipped you off, DS Johnson?

He grabs her wrist and squeezes hard as he grits his teeth at her.

KIKI /

Ouch! Get your fuckin' hands off me right now, or you'll be facing an assault charge.

KRIS

(ominously)

If I find out you're holding out on me, Medusa, you'll regret it. Do we understand one another?

SHELLEY

Leave her alone! She doesn't know anything.

KIKI

If you don't take your fuckin' hands off me right now, you'll be the one regretting it, I promise you that. Now let go!

He narrows his eyes upon her before he lets go of her wrist.

KRIS

I don't wanna see either of you at my club again. You're barred.

SHELLEY

Touche!

He gets to his feet and rolls his eyes at them.

KRIS

I'm watching you. That goes for the pair of ya.

He marches off.

KIKI

(aghast)

Fuck me. That was scary. I thought he was going to break my wrist.

SHELLEY

He's a fucking bully.

INT. DCI ANTHEA MUST'S OFFICE - DAY.

DCI Anthea Must sits at her desk staring at files on her computer.

DI Pearson and DS Johnson enter together.

She looks up at them questionably with her intelligent blue eyes and soft gaze.

DCI MUST
Close the door for me please.

DS Johnson closes the door behind him.

DCI MUST /
Right. It turns out that the pearl earring is of concern to the NCA. As I understand it, it involves an undercover operation involving DC Kiki Carruthers - the off duty detective that apprehended our suspect Roman Petrescu.

DI Pearson turns his attention to his colleague.

DS JOHNSON
(interjects)
I've spoken to her, and she told me that she dropped the earring during her act. David Savva picked it up, and when she asked for it back he wouldn't play ball, unless she did him a sexual favour.

DCI MUST
So that's what blew her cover, isn't it?

They nod in agreement.

DCI MUST /
Besides that, it's been brought to my attention that she was threatened by Kris Savva while she was having a quiet drink with a colleague at a bar in Soho this afternoon.

DS Johnson shifts uncomfortably.

DI PEARSON
I didn't know anything about that.

DCI MUST

I want to carry on before I get sidetracked. So remind me where we are with the investigation, Steve?

DI PEARSON

We're making progress. It's a bit of a slow burner, but we'll get there.

He leans back on his heels, his hand sifts the loose change inside his trouser pocket.

DCI MUST

In that case give me a rundown of everything you have on our fugitive Roman Petrescu?

DI PEARSON

Sure.

(clears throat)

He's wanted back home for raping a sixteen years old. And he should've been deported after another sexual assault on a passenger when he was working for a private hire firm as a minicab driver.

DCI MUST

I see.

DI PEARSON

It's just a case of locating where he's hidden the murder weapon. Everything else fits into place. He murdered David Savva before he robbed him. Of that, I'm in no doubt. He's got his blood and fibres all over his clobber.

DCI MUST

(sympathetically)

And are you perfectly sure, Steve? I need to present a solid case to the CPS before we can actually charge him. And you know what they're like.

DI PEARSON

I do. He's your archetypal criminal. He's wanted in Bulgaria for a string of offences.

DCI MUST

So what have you charged him with at this moment in time?

DI PEARSON

Robbery, plus assaulting a police officer, to which he denies. We're looking at the CCTV from inside the NCP. But it's of a poor quality from what the boys are telling us.

She crosses her arms and shifts irritably in her seat.

DCI MUST

What about witnesses?

He shrugs his shoulders and looks up at the ceiling in wonder.

She opens her desk drawer and takes out an image.

CU: David Savva lying face down on the pavement with a gash to the left side of his head.

She slides the image across her desk.

DCI MUST /

(expectantly)

Now, can either of you blind sods tell me what's going on in this image?

They study the image. She shakes her in dismay and tuts.

DCI MUST /

Oh c'mon! Look closer at it.

They shake their heads.

DS JOHNSON

With respect, it's an image of David Savva lying on the ground with a fatal head wound.

DI Pearson steps back and sniggers at his off-the-cuff remark.

DCI MUST
I know that, you pair of sodding
fools!

She leaps out of her chair and marches around her desk.

DCI MUST /
Look at the pavement for heaven's
sake! It's cracked in three
parts.

DI Pearson stares down at the image in belated realisation.

DI PEARSON
So it is.

DCI MUST
I want somebody down there right
away. Take it up and get it
straight over to forensics,
before it's repaired... if it
hasn't been already.

DS Johnson looks dumbstruck at his own miscalculation.

DS JOHNSON
(resentfully)
I'll get straight onto it.

DCI MUST
And get somebody over to
Tiffany's. I want them to take a
look at the CCTV and see if
anything unusual went on that
night. After all, he had a
valuable piece of equipment in
his pocket which Roman Petrescu
never blinked an eyelid at. There
may be another angle we should be
looking at with this one.

DS Johnson shakes his head and puffs out his cheeks, before
he opens the door and leaves.

DCI MUST /
And close the door behind you.

She returns her attention to DI Pearson.

DCI MUST /

I'm sorry, Steve, but you're off the case. I'm not sure if you're completely on top of your game at the moment. I sense your head is other places which may lead to mistakes.

DI PEARSON

Mistakes? That's a bloody joke.

DCI MUST

I know your father just passed away. It must be difficult for you right now.

PEARSON

You could say that, I suppose.

DCI MUST

I'm arranging for your secondment. You're a bloody decent detective, Steve. I think your talents are wasted here with this one. You'll be appreciated over at Camberwell. There's a gang war going on involving drug lords. I want you to work with Trident. It shouldn't be for too long. They have a number of suspects under obs. When this is over I'd like to have you back here with us.

He storms out of her office and slams the door shut behind him.

INT. KIKI'S APARTMENT - DAY

Kiki devours Shelley inside the sheets. Her long red mane covers Shelley's genitalia before she climaxes.

Beat.

They sit up in bed and share a cigarette.

SHELLEY

What'd ya think will happen to us?

KIKI

Oh, well that's easy to answer. I'll probably be directing traffic, and you'll be given a desk job, no doubt.

SHELLEY

But it wasn't anybody's fault really, was it? It fell out of your ear. That could've happened to anyone.

KIKI

No. it was all mine. I should've checked it was secured and clipped on properly. I take full responsibility. I shouldn't have got you involved. I've blown it. Kris Savva will walk away from this without as much as a fuckin' caution.

SHELLEY

Who says crime doesn't pay?

A protracted silence

KIKI

My father was a prosecutor in the French judiciary. The amount of times he was approached and asked to take a bung was incredible. I'm sure Johnson's on Kris Savva's payroll. Just be careful what you say to him.

SHELLEY

D' you miss your parents?

KIKI

I don't miss the arguments if that's what you mean.
(cigarette drag)
My mum was an alcoholic bitch. He was a philandering sex addict. You work it out.

SHELLEY

Are they divorced?

KIKI

Yes. My mum isn't a very nice person.

SHELLEY

Why? What did she do to you?

KIKI

She slapped me once too often, so I pushed her down the stairs. She's in a wheelchair all because of me.

SHELLEY

Oh my God! Aren't you sorry?

KIKI

Oh yeah. Sorry she didn't die.

SHELLEY

Oh my God, Kiki! How old were you?

KIKI

About ten. We don't speak.

SHELLEY

What happened afterwards?

KIKI

My dad sent me here to live with my aunty Cath.

SHELLEY

Have you ever been back?

KIKI

I visit him occasionally. They wanted to put me in a home for wayward kids. My mum told everyone that I was possessed by the devil.

SHELLEY

How awful, Kiki.

KIKI

I know. Now you know why I don't speak about my childhood.

Shelley looks at her empathetically.

INT. DCI BROOKE'S OFFICE - DAY

DC Carruthers stands in front of DCI BROOKE (50's) while he sits at his desk.

DCI BROOKE

So you screwed up, Carruthers.

DC CARRUTHERS

It wasn't entirely my fault as I explained to the UOC, sir.

DCI BROOKE

Did David Savva ever find out what we were up to?

DC CARRUTHERS

I doubt it. He was hardly ever at the club when I was there.

DCI BROOKE

The only job you were required to do, Carruthers was to protect that piece of equipment with your life. You could've blown the whole operation straight out of the water if that earring had've fallen into the wrong hands. Undercover Operations are very lucky to have it back. I feel totally responsible for putting your name forward. I wish I'd kept my mouth shut and let you and Peters continue to work the streets.

DC CARRUTHERS

I know. And I apologise, sir.

DCI BROOKE

You know I hand picked you for this assignment, because I had faith in your ability to hold your nerve.

DC CARRUTHERS

I'm grateful to you for giving me that opportunity, sir.

Short silence whilst he sifts through her file.

DCI BROOKE

Well it saddens me to have to tell you the powers that be have called time at Tiffany's at the behest of the NCA.

DC CARRUTHERS

Because of me?

DCI BROOKE

Partly. The whole surveillance job was a shambles to begin with. Now that'll be all, Carruthers. In the meantime your back on welfare duties. You're dismissed.

She rolls her eyes at him, then exits without further ado.

INT. FORENSICS LAB - LIT

A LAB ASSISTANT leads DCI Must towards a broken concrete slab.

LAB ASSISTANT

As I said to you on the phone we discovered the dried blood spatter on the underpart of this small segment.

Using tongs, he picks up the broken segment of the slab and shows her the jagged edge.

LAB ASSISTANT /

As you can see, the edge is jagged and quite sharp. It's a positive match with the laceration wound to the victim's skull... causing the bleed to his brain. This is uncontestable since it contains the victim's own DNA- plus DNA from the perpetrator's. There are four sets of fingerprints to suggest a grab and hold position.

DCI MUST

(aback)

Four sets of fingerprints? I don't understand what you're getting at.

He turns it upside down and shows her.

LAB ASSISTANT /

So, on the under side here there are two quite different thumb prints. It looks to me like there were two perpetrator's involved with the victim's death.

He demonstrates this action by clamping the concrete slab with his hand, as DCI Must shakes her head in dismay.

DCI MUST

Sorry, but you've lost me. Are you saying that more than one assailant has handled this piece of segment?

LAB ASSISTANT

Exactly. We have two separate sets of fingerprints.

DCI MUST

And neither belong to Roman Petrescu you said to me on the phone, right?

LAB ASSISTANT

Most definitely not.

DCI MUST

Ingenuity at work. I'm very impressed.

LAB ASSISTANT

This segment was slotted back into place like a jigsaw puzzle. As you can see it's approximately the size of your own hand. It would fit like a glove inside the perpetrator's hands.

DCI MUST

But the victim was struck only once, right? They couldn't have both been holding this at the same time, could they?

LAB ASSISTANT

No. He was only struck once.
There was only one single
laceration wound to his skull
which caused his death.

He slots the piece back inside the slab.

DCI MUST

Forgive me, I'm sorry, but I
still don't see how there can be
two sets of fingerprints on that
one piece of segment.

LAB ASSISTANT

OK. So we also extracted a minute
trace of red nail varnish on the
upper side of the segment.

DCI MUST

Nail polish?

She takes out her phone and makes a call.

DCI MUST

(to lab assistant)
Excuse me just a moment.

LAB ASSISTANT

Of course.

She walks across the room.

DCI MUST

Johnson, have Petrescu charged
with robbery and assaulting a
police officer, then get him
checked in at the Hendon
Immigration facility. He can stew
there until his court appearance.

(listens)

Just do it for heaven's sake, DS
Johnson!

She puffs out her cheeks as she ends the call.

EXT. LONGMOOR MANOR GARDEN - DAY

A glorious sun shines down upon the beautifully landscaped garden as Kris stands at the barbecue, spatula in hand. His apron shows a map of Cyprus, and he sports a red baseball cap turned backwards.

He turns over fillet steaks as his twin daughter's ABIGAIL and BETHANY 26 approach with the overactive grandchildren, BENNY 3 and JULIETTA 4.

ABIGAIL

Hi Daddy.

KRIS

Alright, love.

BETHANY

Hello.

KRIS

Hello babe.

He kisses their cheek, then picks up the grandchildren and gives them a big cuddly hug, before he lets them run off towards the swing.

And as young Benny chases his cousin Julietta around the swing at the far end of the garden, Kris and his daughters sit themselves down at the table with a glass of wine.

The conversation muted when they're joined by Kris and Helen as they tuck into the barbecue.

Kris picks up a magnum of champagne from the ice bucket and pours it into the empty flutes, before he raises a toast.

KRIS

(solemnly)

To our David. We miss you, son.

They clink glasses.

Helen's eyes quickly well up as he walks around the table and puts his arm around her shoulder to comfort her.

BETHANY

Have you heard anything about when they're going to release his body yet, Dad?

KRIS

(gritted teeth)

Not yet, babe. It shouldn't be too long now. They're taking the piss if you ask me. They keep saying it's to do with the investigation.

HELEN

(tearfully)

I just want my son home, so he can have a decent burial like he deserves.

ABIGAIL

It's alright, Mum, don't worry. It won't be too long now.

BETHANY

And how's the investigation going, d'you know?

KRIS

They've got someone banged up for it. They need to find the weapon before the CPS give the go ahead to charge him properly.

And as the sun disappears over the horizon, Kris's phone bleeps. He leaves the table to answer the call.

EXT. SOHO NICK - DAY

DC Carruthers and DC Shelley Peters stroll loosely along the street chatting when they're confronted by an unperturbed DCI Must and DS Johnson.

DC CARRUTHERS

(brightly)

Morning.

They stop and join in a conversation.

DCI MUST

Morning, DC Carruthers, and DC Shelley Peters, isn't it?

DC SHELLEY PETERS

Morning.

CU: Shelley Peters red nail polish.

DCI MUST

I'd like to apologise to you both for blowing your cover with regards to the undercover shenanigans at Tiffany's. I understand you lost a vital piece of surveillance equipment whilst on the job.

DC CARRUTHERS

(irked)

Bloody hell. You've got it!

DCI MUST

Yes. It was found on David Savva's cadaver after he was struck over the head and murdered with a piece of concrete slab.

DC CARRUTHERS

So I hear.

DCI MUST

Well, maybe you can tell me why he stormed out of Tiffany's that night after you privately performed for a dance for him?

DC CARRUTHERS

(eyes Johnson)

Hasn't he told you? He tried to take liberties. I told him where to get off.

DCI MUST

Were you aware he had the earring at the time?

DC CARRUTHERS

Yes I was. That's why I gave him a private dance in the first place. He said he'd give me it back if I danced for him.

DCI MUST

I see. It's a bit strange, dontcha think that he just so happened to be struck over the head in the same NCP that you also use to park your car?

DC CARRUTHERS

(concerned)

I don't understand what you're getting at?

DCI Must steps closer and looks her straight in the eye.

DCI MUST

I think you know exactly what I'm getting at, DC Carruthers. You murdered him to retrieve the pearl earring. But when you realised you were not alone in that car park you tried to blame Roman Petrescu.

SHELLEY PETERS

That's a lie!

DC CARRUTHERS

Ha! Don't make me laugh. I was the one who found him for god's sake.

DCI MUST

Then explain how your dabs happen to be on the slab of concrete that he was murdered with, DC Carruthers? And you, DC Shelley Peters?

DC Shelley Peters retreats with guilt written all over her face.

DC CARRUTHERS

(aback)

I don't know whatcha talking about!

DC SHELLEY PETERS

That's bloody ridiculous!

DCI MUST

I'm arresting both of you in connection with the murder of David Savva.

(to Johnson)

Read them their rights, DS Johnson. We'll take them in for questioning right now as we're all together.

DS JOHNSON

I'm sorry ladies, but you do not have to say anything. But it may harm your defence if you do not mention when questioned something which you later rely on in court. Anything you do say may be given in evidence.

DC SHELLEY PETERS

But this isn't true! Somebody's lying! We didn't do anything!

DC CARRUTHERS

Yeah alright, Johnson. I know the drill.

He ushers Carruthers back inside the police station, as DCI Must grabs Peters arm and follows them.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

Storm clouds gather as FAMILY MOURNERS stand around David Savva's grave.

The PRIEST stands with the Great Book in the palms of his open hands.

One-thousand RED ROSES decorate the scene as they are released from a light aircraft above as the casket is carefully lowered into the ditch.

The Priest looks up at the sight of the petals raining down, before he begins to recite a passage from 5 John 14:1-3:

PRIEST

Do not let your hearts be troubled. You believe in God; believe also in me. My Father's house has many rooms; if that were not so, would I have told you that I am going there to prepare a place for you? And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come back and take you to be with me so that you also may be where I am.

HELEN SAVVA

(hysterically)

Oh no! My David, please don't
leave me! My son! Oh no!

She attempts to jump into the open grave, as a watchful Kris takes hold of her and steadies her.

The Priest drops earth onto the coffin, during Committal as the lamenting drowns out his voice.

PRIEST

Forasmuch as it hath pleased
Almighty God of his great mercy
to take unto himself the soul of
our dear brother here departed,
we therefore commit his body to
the ground; earth to earth, ashes
to ashes, dust to dust; in sure
and certain hope of the
resurrection to eternal life,
through our Lord Jesus Christ.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM 1 - LIT

DCI Must, DS Johnson, and DC Carruthers sit at a small table.

DCI Must switches on a TABLET, then turns it to face DC Carruthers as she sits with arms folded.

CAR PARK CCTV FOOTAGE:

David Savva walks with his iPhone to ear as he swaggers towards his vehicle.

The dim light from the lift shaft shows him dropping the phone inside his jacket pocket before he trips on the broken pavement beneath his feet.

As he attempts to climb to his feet, he is struck across the skull.

His nimble ASSAILANT dressed in dark clothing and a face covering quickly disappears from view, as he lies still in the prone position.

BACK TO SCENE

DCI Must pauses the frame and turns to DC Carruthers.

DCI MUST /

So, who is that in the footage? I can see it's not you by the body frame.

DC CARRUTHERS

(dismissively)

I have no idea.

DCI MUST

Is it DC Shelley Peters?

DC CARRUTHERS

(shakes head)

No it's not her.

DCI MUST

You seem sure of that. How come?

DC CARRUTHERS

I just know it's not her.

DCI MUST

Well, for your information we discovered her fingerprints on the slab of concrete he was struck with.

She shakes head and drops her arms in disgust at the accusation.

DCI MUST /

OK.

DCI Must runs the footage once more. Roman Petrescu comes into view.

He looks around him, before he kneels down and slides off the victim's watch and gold ring. He then rips off his chain and pendant attached, before he dips his hand through his pockets, taking everything inside.

He then stops and looks around like a cat caught in a headlight, before he disappears out of sight.

Moments later Kiki comes into view. She kneels down beside the victim and stealthily slides the missing segment of pavement back into place.

She then searches his pockets, before she adjusts his head positioning to cover the broken pavement.

DCI Must turns off the footage, then looks across the table at Kiki with a raised brow.

DCI MUST /
What have you got to say for
yourself now, Carruthers?

Despairingly, she throws her head into her hands.

DCI MUST /
We think that Shelley Peters
actually killed him, then you
replaced the broken piece of
concrete to cover it up. Isn't
that what happened, Carruthers?

DC CARRUTHERS
No, it is not. I'll tell you what
happened.

DCI MUST
Let's hear it.

DC CARRUTHERS
(sighs)
I was walking towards my car when
I nearly tripped over a piece of
loose concrete from the pavement.
I picked it up and placed it back
inside the pavement where it
belonged. I knew it belonged
there, because I was already
aware the pavement was broken in
three parts. I was intending to
report it to the attendant, but I
hadn't gotten around to it,
that's all.

DCI MUST
Then why did you carefully adjust
the victim's head to cover it
over?

A protracted silence as she ruminates.

DC CARRUTHERS
I want to execute my right to a
solicitor before I say anything
more to you.

DCI MUST

OK. We'll give you time to do that. But I must ask what on earth inspired you to do such a awful thing? You held a perfectly good position within the police service. If he attacked you, you could have had him arrested for ABH.

DC CARRUTHERS

I don't know what you're talking about.

DCI Must absorbs her words.

DCI MUST

You needed that pearl earring back before your commander found out you'd blown your cover. Am I right?

DC CARRUTHERS

I'm not saying another word until I speak to my solicitor.

DCI MUST

Fair enough.

DCI Must and DS Johnson get to their feet.

DCI MUST /

You really shouldn't have lied to us. You're a silly cow, DC Carruthers.

She sits with her head in her hands.

EXT/INT. HENDON DETENTION CENTRE - DAY

A two-storey, flat roof establishment with large panelled windows, decorated with vertical blinds. A long outer corridor leads to an annex building set to the rear.

The perimeter surrounded by high-voltage fencing and digital surveillance cameras.

The barrier at the main entrance is manned by a SECURITY GUARD.

CU: A black Range Rover containing three MEN parked in a lay-by.

With his head shaven and the removal of his facial hair, Roman Petrescu is being prepared for his court appearance.

With a MALE WARDEN present, he slips on a clean white shirt as he stands in front of a mirrored wardrobe.

INT/EXT. SECURITY VAN - DAY

Kris Savva sits in the passenger seat and scowls.

CU: NW SECURITY written on the side panel.

Behind the wheel a curly haired DRIVER wears a moustache while dressed in full security garb.

Two other MEN sit inside the back of the vehicle.

Kris passes a set of HANDCUFFS to the Driver.

KRIS

Right, you know the drill. Just stay calm and collected. And act professional at all times, particularly when you're speaking to the warden.

He checks the time on his wristwatch.

KRIS /

And don't forget, when you've got him safely inside the vehicle, bring him straight here. If anything should go pear shaped, drive in the opposite direction, until you see a railway bridge. Turn off and abandon the vehicle. Jack will pick you up at the rendezvous we agreed upon earlier. Have you all got that?

DRIVER

Yeah.

KRIS

Good luck.

He hops out of the van then slides the door shut, before he bangs his fist hard on the side panel.

KRIS /

Go! Go! Go!

He stands and watches as they drive off and disappear from view. He lights a cigar as he looks up at the clear blue skyline.

His iPhone begins to vibrate inside his jacket pocket. He brings it to ear.

INTERCUT: KRIS & DS JOHNSON.

DS Johnson stands with phone to ear.

DS JOHNSON

Kris-?

KRIS

What'd you want-?

DS JOHNSON

Everything alright your end-?

KRIS

So far, unless they get themselves arrested... in which case it won't be.

DS JOHNSON

D'ya give 'em the code-?

KRIS

Of course I fuckin' gave 'em the code. D' ya think I'm a cunt or summkink-?

DS JOHNSON

No. I'm just making sure everything's okay with you.

KRIS

Listen, I trust my team to deliver this thieving ponce to me. Even if he didn't murder my boy, I want justice.

DS JOHNSON

Well, I have some good news for ya.

KRIS

G'rn-

DS JOHNSON

David's killers have been formally charged and remanded in custody.

KRIS

(awed)

You what-?

DS JOHNSON

That's right. I thought I'd deliver the good news personally, before you found out from other sources.

KRIS

Who are they-?

DS JOHNSON

Your two dancing detectives - Medusa and White Leopard.

KRIS

Those Feds-?

DS JOHNSON

Aye. Carruthers and Peters.

KRIS

I fuckin' knew it! I knew she was involved somehow. I wanna know immediately what happens.

DS JOHNSON

You'll be first to know, Kris.

KRIS

Good.

DS JOHNSON

Ciao for now then. And good luck.

KRIS

Yeah. Cheers.

They end the call in sync.

EXT/INT. HENDON DETENTION CENTRE - DAY

A SECURITY GUARD wearing a high vis jacket stares down at a girlie mag as he sits inside a small cabin.

The Mercedes Vito pulls up at the barrier.

VFX: Surveillance cameras positioned above scan the vehicle registration, and the faces of the two men sitting in the front compartment.

The Security Guard leaves his hut then approaches the barrier.

The Driver flashes his fake ID and winks knowingly at the guard, who then lethargically walks back to the hut to raise the barrier.

The barrier lifts and the vehicle is driven up to the main reception area.

The vehicle stops directly outside the glass panelled doors.

The three man crew climb out of the vehicle in unison and stand at the entrance doors, before the Driver enters the code and the door opens.

RECEPTION.

They file inside the reception and are quickly met by a well-spoken and smartly dressed Female WARDEN (Late fifties)

WARDEN

(diligently)

Can I help you gentlemen?

DRIVER

Er. Yeah. We're here to collect Roman Petrescu for his court hearing.

WARDEN

Do you have the one time code?

She stares blankly into his confused eyes.

During his discomfort, he shrugs his shoulders, then glances gormlessly at his colleagues in search of an answer.

DRIVER

They didn't give us any other passcode, love. Only the one I entered with.

His big brown eyes shift from side to side during his panic.

She shakes her head and passes him a faint grin.

WARDEN

That'll be the one, then.

He hands her the code.

DRIVER

Oh. I'm a bit slow off the mark this morning. Sorry love.

WARDEN

Oh, don't worry. You're earlier than I expected, that's all. He's not quite ready for you. Not much traffic today?

DRIVER

Not really.

WARDEN

Are you new to the company?

DRIVER

Fairly new, yeah.

WARDEN

I see none of you are wearing name tags.

DRIVER

We're not the police, love. We're just here to pick up the defendant and take him to court. So if you wouldn't mind.

WARDEN

Very well, then. I'll see if he's ready for you.

DRIVER

(anxiously)

Much appreciated.

They watch as she walks through a security door and disappears.

They check their watches.

DRIVER /

Fuck me. She was a bit previous.

Beat.

Wearing a black suit and tie, Roman Petrescu is brought in by the Warden.

She hands him over to the Driver. He cuffs him.

Beat.

They secure him inside the Mercedes Vito, then drive out of the detention centre without fuss.

The Range Rover parked in the lay-by follows them.

EXT. WASTELAND - DAY

Kris stands by the Volvo as the Mercedes Vito pulls up beside him.

He quickly stamps out his cigar, then marches purposefully towards the sliding door of the van.

INT/EXT. MERCEDES VITO.

A Crew member sits either side of Petrescu as he sits quietly with his head down.

The door slides open and the melancholic figure of Petrescu looks up in fear.

KRIS

Out you!

Petrescu is dragged towards the Volvo by two of the Crew.

They shove him into the back then sandwich him in, before Kris climbs in the driver's seat and switches on the engine.

The Mercedes Vito is driven away.

The Range Rover races onto the wasteland and blocks the path of the Volvo.

KRIS / O.S

Who the fuck are they?

Fuming, he climbs out of the vehicle and confronts the Bulgarian MEN still sitting inside the vehicle.

The grey haired Mayor of Velingrad slowly climbs out of the passenger side, followed by his men.

KRIS /

Get outta my way!

MAYOR OF VELINGRAD

I apologise for springing upon you like this. I've come to collect Roman Petrescu. I know who you are and we don't want any trouble.

KRIS

Are you fuck! Get outta my way.

MAYOR OF VELINGRAD

Look, we don't want any trouble.

KRIS

He's mine.

MAYOR OF VELINGRAD

If you hand him over there'll be no trouble from us, you have my word.

KRIS

Who the fuck are you?

MAYOR OF VELINGRAD

I'm the Mayor of Velingrad in Bulgaria. The man you have in your car raped my little girl before she took her own life. He absconded before he could be arrested.

KRIS

(aback)

Well... for your information, he robbed my son while he was being murdered.

MAYOR OF VELINGRAD

So where does that leave us, Mister Savva?

An awkward silence.

KRIS

Who told you he was with me?

MAYOR OF VELINGRAD

We've been keeping a close eye on him since his arrest.

KRIS

You can have your pennyworth, but not till after I've finished with him.

MAYOR OF VELINGRAD

He will be punished, I promise. My daughter meant the world to me.

KRIS

So did my son.

MAYOR OF VELINGRAD

But he never murdered your son. He only stole possessions.

KRIS

Fair enough.

They climb back inside their vehicles and head deeper into the woods, before they exit.

Petrescu is dragged out by the two man Crew as the Mayor of Velingrad stands and watches with interest.

Petrescu yelps and falls to his knees.

He looks mercifully up at Kris standing over him.

Blood leaks from a gash to his head. His smart black suit soiled with the mud in which he lies like a wounded animal.

KRIS /

D' you know what you've done? Do you know what you have done?!

He sobs pathetically, before he puts his hands together and pleads for mercy.

PETRESCU

Please, I beg you, don't kill me.

KRIS

Why Not?

PETRESCU

Please don't kill me.

He kneels down at his feet as the tears stream down his muddied cheekbones.

KRIS

Get him up.

He is brought back to his feet and held by his limp arms, but his legs give way beneath him.

PETRESCU

I don't want to die. Please, I beg you. Please don't kill me.

KRIS

I'm not going to kill you.

PETRESCU

Oh thank you. Thank you. Thank you.

He waves the Mayor of Velingrad over.

He approaches with his men.

KRIS

But this man might.

Petrescu spots them and attempts to run towards the trees, but he stumbles and staggers. Each time he picks himself up.

He's brought back screaming by the Mayor's men.

Kris and his Crew drive off.

Beat.

The Mayor of Velingrad kneels down beside him and grabs his jaw.

MAYOR OF VELINGRAD

After you raped my little girl, she took her own life. So you came to this country and disrespected their hospitality too. You've brought shame upon my country. Now the only person who deserves to die is you.

Petrescu attempts to speak are thwarted by the inability to move his tongue.

The Mayor of Velingrad is handed a FIREARM by one of his men, before he steps back and takes aim.

Petrescu squirms as he tries to cover his head.

Without mercy the Mayor of Velingrad slides his finger around the trigger and lets rip.

BANG!

POV: The birds nesting in the trees scatter above their heads as a cacophony of fluttering wings fill the air with uncertainty and mischief.

CU: Roman Petrescu lies muddied, bloodied and dead.

MAYOR OF VELINGRAD /
Come on men. Let's go home.

INT. BANQUETING SUITE - NIGHT

Kris Savva stands in a bib and tucker at the head of a solid oak dining table. He clutches a glass of bubbly. His wife Helen seated next to him.

At the table a selected group of friends consist of his confidant - DS James Johnson along with his pretty Thai wife, TUCH (30). His henchman Dog. Dev Bakshi and his young wife AMY (20's)

His BRIEF and bearded HUSBAND (30's). And three elderly members of the BROTHERHOOD, along with their WIVES.

Helen gives him a nudge. He taps his crystal glass with a butter knife to gain their attention.

The room quietens.

KRIS
(gruffly)
Thank you all for coming this evening. As some of you know this will be the very last dinner party that I'll be hosting here in the UK.

A momentary murmur as his guest's absorb his statement of fact.

KRIS /

No but seriously, I really do appreciate you coming. To be honest I wasn't sure if most of you would turn up after everything that's been going on over the last few months.

(thoughtful pause)

As you know, you all mean the fucking world to me. But I s'pose you all knew that anyway, otherwise, you wouldn't have been invited in the first place, would ya?

Murmurs and stifled chuckles.

KRIS /

You all know I've never been disrespectful, or ashamed of where I came from. Some of you know I was actually raised in one room in an east end slum. God only knows how I ended up here. I admit I do ask myself that sometimes when I look around me and see what I've achieved.

He looks up at the crystal chandelier with a tear in his eye.

KRIS /

But I can tell you something for nothing, it wasn't handed to me on no plate... that you can be certain of. And I didn't win it in no raffle either. I got here through hard graft, selling things. A love of money. But also knowing where to invest my money has been key to building my own security. And like all of you here I've given back to society, not only through paying my taxes, but through supporting people whenever and wherever I can. I'm proud to say I've paid my dues to society in more ways than one.

He takes a sip of water before he continues.

KRIS /

But I never would've guessed that all that hard work and philanthropy would've been repaid to me and my wife Helen here - God bless her, by taking our son from us in the manner that he was. It just goes to show that you can never take anything for granted in this world. And I know I will never make the mistake of doing that again, because when it comes to your flesh and blood there's nothing that can destroy you more than losing a child.

Helen grabs his free arm and gently squeezes.

KRIS /

Overall, I s'pose I shouldn't complain because this country has been good to me in other ways.

(reflects)

Many of you know me as a man who doesn't suffer fools. But me and Helen are going to put all that behind us when we take on a new way of life next month... away from the bright lights of London and the darkness of our recent memories here in Britain. We're going to be taking life a lot easier, and hopefully do the things that whatever time we have left will let us do. But I will continue to support those charities that are close to my heart.

He raises his glass as Helen stands up.

KRIS /

That just leaves me to say thank you to all of you, and good luck!

They rise from their seats and raise a toast.

He acknowledges their applause as a tearful Helen proudly takes his arm.

Beat.

Kris approaches Dog as they stand by a huge Georgian window. He puts his arm around his shoulder and takes him to one side.

KRIS

I need a huge favour. I'll see you're alright, don't worry.

DOG

Yeah, sure, Kris. What is it?

KRIS

Medusa. That fucking detective.

DOG

Yeah, yeah, I know.

KRIS

That's right. I want justice for my David. I'm hearing she's gotta a strong chance of walking away without so much as a black mark against her name.

DOG

Yeah, yeah. Leave her to me, Kris.

KRIS

Make it look like an accident.

DOG

Yeah I will.

KRIS

Good.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. THE OLD KING JOHN'S HEAD P.H - NIGHT

A busy night as rockabilly SHANE BURROWS (31) bangs out The Boys Are Back In Town - by Thin Lizzy.

Propped up against the bar Dev Bakshi looks on. He gulps down a pint of cider then takes strides towards the-

GENT'S.

He takes the third cubicle where a BROWN PACKAGE is safely tucked behind the system. He grabs the package then checks its contents.

CU: A bundle of cash in high denominations.

He swaps the package for a bigger PACKAGE which he slides into the same place.

He then checks his reflection as he washes his hands and splashes water onto his face.

He attempts to use the broken hand dryer so grabs some tissue from inside the cubicle to dry himself.

Beat.

DEV BAKSHI
(on phone)
It's done.

He ends the call then returns to the-

BAR.

Shane continues to rock the mic as he bangs out his own version of The Killers hit song Mr. Brightside.

Dev Bakshi exits.

With his long sideburns and his guitar strapped over his shoulder Shane's applauded as he leaps off the stage and skips towards -

GENT'S.

He takes a leak using the urinal, then washes his hands. He enters the third cubicle to get some tissue.

His POV: THE PACKAGE.

He gasps, then with caution he closes the door and grabs the Package. He tears it open to look inside.

CU: COCAINE.

He dips his finger into the substance and wipes his gums.

SHANE -
Snowy.

He quickly wraps toilet tissue around the package, then slips it down his pants.

Beat.

BAR.

He reenters and approaches ponytailed MILAN BIRCH 24 at the pool table. He gestures to him with a nod and a wink and together they exit the pub.

EXT. THE OLD KING JOHN'S HEAD - NIGHT

They brush past the awesome figure of Kris who marches purposefully towards the-

GENT'S.

He intolerantly searches each cubicle for the package.

POV: CREDIT CARD on cubicle floor.

He picks up the card and studies the name stamped across the front.

CU: SHANE BURROWS.

He storms out with gritted teeth and a clenched fist.

INT. MILAN'S CAR - NIGHT

With the package open, Milan makes a line then snorts it off his wrist.

SHANE

What'd ya think?

MILAN

Oh bruv, it's pukka. How much you asking?

SHANE

I dunno. What's the going rate?

MILAN

I'll give ya five big ones, cash.

SHANE

Five K?

MILAN

Yeah, alright bruv.

SHANE

Done.

Handshake.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Kris marches towards his Bentley, parked close by. He stops to make a call.

KRIS

(on phone)

Are you taking the fucking piss
Bakshi-?It's not fucking there-!
Where the fuck is my Charlie, you
cunt-? Are yiou fucking death? I
told you it's not fuckin' there-!
Well I'm tellin' you now-! If
you're trying to fuck me over,
Bakshi- I don't care who the fuck
you are-! No one rips me off, you
cunt-!

His FLASHBACK: Shane and Milan when they brush past him.

END FLASHBACK.

KRIS /

Hang on a sec, I think I might
have an idea who took it. I'll
call ya back.

He ends the call then marches back towards the pub.

BACK TO:

INT. MILAN'S CAR.

MILAN

Where'd ya get this?

SHANE

I found it in the bogs. Hidden
behind the toilet.

MILAN

Aw. Fair enough, bro. I'm at
twenty-three Audley Close. I'll
weigh you off in the morning.

SHANE

Cool.

MILAN

And bruv, don't worry. I've
gotcha back if there's any
comebacks. I've gotta take it
with me now, though.

SHANE

Sure.

Shane climbs out of the vehicle and walks back towards the
pub.

He stops in his tracks as a thick cloud of cigar smoke wafts
directly into his space, then disperses into the atmosphere.

KRIS

Alright, son?

SHANE

(cautiously)

Yes thanks.

Kris sniffs the air and snarls.

KRIS

You're Shane Burrows, right?

SHANE

Who wants to know?

Kris shows him his bank card.

KRIS

You dropped this in the boozier.

SHANE

Oh thanks.

He goes to snatch it back. Kris grabs his hand tightly then
grabs him round the throat.

SHANE /

(fearfully)

Get off!

KRIS

(measuredly)

Now stay there and don't fuckin' move, or I'll break your fucking neck.

SHANE

Alright! Alright! I'm nor going anywhere, I swear.

KRIS

No one rips me off.

Dog quickly climbs out of the Bentley and races around the bonnet. He punches him in the abdomen.

Shane buckles over in agony before he's frogmarched and thrown into the back of the vehicle.

Dog climbs behind the wheel and belts up. Kris climbs in and turns towards Shane who's curled up on the back seat.

INT. BENTLEY.

KRIS

Now I'm only gonna ask you this once, son. Where's my Charlie?

SHANE

I haven't got it, mate. I swear to ya, I haven't got it.

His eyes bulge with fear as he creases over in pain.

KRIS

All right. Buckle up and stop panicking. We're going for a little ride.

SHANE

We're we going? We're you taking me?

KRIS

You'll find out soon enough. Belt up.

Beat.

A topographical view shows the Bentley leaving the area.

EXT. HIGH BEECH WOODS - NIGHT

Shane stands shivering in just his boxers. Dog stands menacingly behind him as Kris swings a baseball bat like a pendulum.

KRIS

How dare you sell my gear to some
fucking ponce! You'll owe me
hundred grand if I don't get my
Charlie back.

Shane suddenly makes a run for it and darts through the woods with Dog on his heels.

KRIS /

Don't let him get away!

The chase continues as Dog closes the gap when Shane trips and falls flat on his face. Dog drags him up by the scruff.

DOG

(growls)
You cheeky fucker.

Beat.

Kris brings the baseball bat down upon Shane then follows up with another to the ribcage.

Shane yelps and falls down upon the earth in a crumpled heap.

Kris then turns him over on his back then lands a heavy punch to his jaw.

Shane's POV: The tree tops spin below a coruscating night sky.

KRIS

(to Dog)
Tie him to that fuckin' tree,
then let's get out of here before
we get bogged in ourselves.

Beat.

Shane stands in his boxers, bound and gagged while tied to a tree.

FADE TO:

INT. CROWN COURT - DAY

Wig and gowns furnish a packed arena.

Seated in the dock are defendants KIKI CARRUTHERS and SHELLEY PETERS. Two uniformed WARDENS stand directly behind them.

KRIS SAVVA and his distraught wife HELEN are seated behind the prosecution's LEGAL TEAM.

DCI MUST, DS JAMES JOHNSON, and DI STEVE PEARSON are seated behind them.

FAMILY and FRIENDS congregate in the public gallery alongside PRESS.

The bespectacled JUDGE looks over the rim of his gold rimmed specs as he turns to the defendants.

JUDGE

Would the defendant's please stand.

They get to their feet and glance at each other with bated breath.

JUDGE /

Will the jury foreperson please rise.

FOREPERSON (60's) gets to her feet.

JUDGE /

In the case of the Crown versus Shelley Peters have you reached a verdict?

FOREPERSON

Yes we have, Your Honour.

JUDGE

And is this the verdict of you all?

FOREPERSON

Yes it is, Your Honour.

JUDGE

And what is your verdict?

The court room quietens to the sound of a pin drop.

FOREPERSON

Guilty.

A cacophony of cheers erupt inside the public gallery.

The Detectives and their teams high-five one another jubilantly.

JUDGE

Shelley Peters, you have been found guilty of the murder of David Savva. You will remain in custody until such time you'll be sentenced.

She wipes her eyes as she sobs.

The Judge focuses his eyes on the Warden standing behind her.

JUDGE /

Take her down.

She's promptly removed from the courtroom by the Warden.

He turns back to the Foreperson.

JUDGE /

In the case of the Crown versus Kiki Carruthers have you reached a verdict?

FOREPERSON

Yes we have, Your Honour.

JUDGE

And is this the verdict of you all?

FOREPERSON

Yes it is, Your Honour.

JUDGE

And what is your verdict?

A moment's silence.

FOREPERSON

Not guilty.

Murmurs of discontent as a surprised Kiki Carruthers looks up at the public gallery and gasps.

The Prosecution shake their heads in dismay.

JUDGE

Kiki Carruthers you have been
found not guilty by the Crown.
You are free to go.

Kris Savva snarls and bears a deathly glare towards her.

EXT. CROWN COURT - DAY

PAPARAZZI and REPORTERS congregate by the exit.

Kiki Carruthers exits the building with her Legal Team.

She's encroached by a TV REPORTER while PHOTOGRAPHERS flash their cameras and Reporters move in with their microphones at the ready.

REPORTER

(rushed)

Kiki? Kiki? Do you feel
vindicated?

She looks into the camera with her sparkly green eyes and sighs her relief.

KIKI

Yes. I've said all along I wasn't
guilty of David Savva's murder.
The jury believed that.

REPORTER

Why'd you think the jury reached
that decision in your case, but
not Shelley Peters?

KIKI

Like I've said all along, the
only reason my fingerprints were
found to be on that segment of
pavement was because I believed
it was obstructing the path to
the lift. I simply put it back
inside the pavement. Who wouldn't
have done the same?

REPORTER

What will you do now? Will you
ask to be reinstated in the
police service?

KIKI

Yes, I will. Now please excuse me. I've said all I'm going to say before I speak to my lawyer.

She hails a passing TAXI and quickly climbs in and away from the baying press.

INT. KIKI'S BEDROOM - NIGHT.

Kiki finishes packing a suitcase before she picks up the phone and makes a call.

KIKI

(on phone)

I'd like a cab to City Airport, please. Postcode N10 7FD. Number Fourteen. Thank you.

INT. CITY AIRPORT BOARDING GATE - NIGHT

Kiki shows her boarding pass and passport to Air France SECURITY STAFF before she boards her plane.

INT. BENTLEY. - NIGHT

Dog sits behind the wheel. Kris smokes a fat cigar in passenger seat.

KRIS

What's happening with Medusa?

DOG

I can't find her. She's hasn't been at her address since she got off.

KRIS

I'll have a word with Johnson. He'll find out where she is for me.

DOG

Fine.

KRIS

No one kills my boy and fucking gets away with it.

DOG

Sure.

They climb out of the car and head towards a block of flats.

EXT/INT. 23 AUDLEY SQUARE - DAY

Kris bangs his fist hard on the door. Dog grits his teeth and stands ready to pounce.

A whistling Milan Birch carelessly opens the door.

MILAN

(eyes rolling)

Yeah. Can I help ya, bruv?

Kris snarls and lunges at him.

KRIS

Yeah! My Charlie, you cunt! Where is it?

Dog pounces as they force him back inside.

MILAN

(cowardly)

What?! What?! What you fuckin' talkin' 'bout, bruv?!

Kris grabs him around the chops to shut him down.

KRIS

I asked you nicely. Now where's my gear?

He lets go of him. Milan immediately leads them to the opened package.

MILAN

(weakly)

It's here, bruv. It's all here.

KRIS

It's been opened.

MILAN

Yeah I know. I'm sorry. I took a couple of lines. I can pay ya for it.

KRIS

-Well I'm not so sorry.

(to Dog)

Bite him.

Milan screams as Dog grabs hold of his head and bites his ear off.

INT. PARIS APARTMENT - DAY

Kiki sits at a table with a mug of coffee. Opposite her distinguished father DOMINIC 68. He has a good head of greying hair and wears a clean white shirt and black tie.

KIKI

So, how is she, then?

DOMINIC

Oh, she's fine considering her disability.

KIKI

Still on the wagon, is she?

DOMINIC

She is, not surprisingly.

KIKI

She'll never forgive me for that, will she?

DOMINIC

You should visit her and ask her for her forgiveness. You might be surprised at her response. She knows she was an awful Mother.

KIKI

No, I can't face her. It's too difficult.

DOMINIC

Well, maybe you should go and see her before you leave. She wants to see you. It's been too long. Old wounds can heal you know.

KIKI

No, I haven't got time. I've got to get back. They're giving me my job back in force.

DOMINIC

Maybe next time, then?

KIKI

Yeah maybe. But only if we go and see her together.

He passes her a smile and gives her a warm hug.

DOMINIC

We do love you, Kiki. Just stay out of trouble. You've always had a fire in your belly. You're very much like me you know. Just try and stay on the right side of the fence this time. I went through a lot of trouble to get you a good reference.

KIKI

Thanks dad. I will.

INT. DCI BROOKES OFFICE - DAY

With her red hair tied back Kiki stands to attention while DCI BROOKE studies her file on his computer.

He finally turns to her and bears a serious expression upon his face.

DCI BROOKE

I really cannot fathom how you wormed your way back into the service, Carruthers. But the powers that be have decided you should be given a second chance to prove yourself.

KIKI

Thank you, sir.

DCI BROOKE

You are being seconded to a police station in Loughton, Essex. And you will remain there during your probationary period until I say so. Your position as a Detective Constable has been removed. And if I hear of any irregularities during your time there it will be the end for you permanently. I will make sure you never work in the police service again. Now get out of my office!

She quickly exits.

INT. INCIDENT ROOM - DAY

Kiki sits at a table next to South African DS MILLIE NUNN (40's) Her hair plaited as she chews biltong and sifts through mugshots of certain people of interest.

CU: An image of bespectacled Dev Bakshi taken from a distance shows his short cropped hair and Mediterranean appearance.

DS NUNN

(to Kiki)

Dev Bakshi. Known through his connection to Kris Savva.

She shows her an image of the pale skinned Kris Savva

KIKI

I used to work at Tiffany's his club in Soho.

DS NUNN

What did you do there?

KIKI

I was undercover. I danced at the pole.

DS NUNN

I know. I've read your file, Kiki.

KIKI

Oh. Sorry.

DS NUNN /

Did you know he's known in certain circles as Yeti, because of his size and white mullet?

KIKI

No, I did not. That's news to me.

DS NUNN

Well, we've had both of them under obs for some time, but they've been keeping a low profile of late so we know something big is on the horizon.

(pauses)

Bakshi has just returned from a trip to Portugal where we know he has links to a drug cartel in Lisbon.

(pauses)

He's of Portuguese heritage.

DS NUNN

We learned that Kris Savva's leaving Britain for Cyprus in two weeks which should make you feel a lot easier now you're back in business.

KIKI

(sighs)

I didn't murder his son.

DS NUNN

From what I've heard, he doesn't see it that way. You might need to watch your back. Apparently, there's a price on your head.

KIKI

That doesn't surprise me.

DS NUNN

Anyway, let's not get bogged down with all that right now. You're here to assist me with catching these two in the act.

KIKI

What's he up to?

DS NUNN

He might have sold Tiffany's Club, but we know he's still in the loop.

KIKI

A leopard never changes its spots, does it?

DS NUNN

I can't see this changing its spots.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Kiki stands and waits for the traffic to ease before she crosses the carriageway.

When she sees it clear, she steps across the road.

Half way across she drops her phone and bends down to reach for it. A black 4X4 hurls towards her at speed.

Like a cat caught in a headlight she screams as she attempts to clear the carriageway, but the vehicle clips her shoulder. She spins before she falls onto the pavement.

She clutches her shoulder as a passing GENTLEMAN comes to assist her.

GENTLEMAN

Are you hurt, my love?

KIKI

(grimacing)

It's my shoulder.

He takes out his phone and makes a call.

GENTLEMAN

Ambulance please.

EXT. LONGMOOR MANOR - NIGHT:

Beneath a pitch black sky the newly installed night vision surveillance cameras film Dev Bakshi and FOUR ASSAILANTS dressed in dark clothing as they climb over the wrought-iron gates.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

CU: Kris's iPhone lights up and bleeps as he and Helen sleep peacefully.

WHIRRING ALARM.

He begins to stir and shifts inside the sheets.

A dark SHADOW appears inside the room as he opens his eyes and quickly throws up his arms in an attempt to climb out of bed.

Dev Bakshi smashes him over the head with the crowbar which causes him to slump back as he yells and screams.

KRIS
YOU CUNT! YOU FUCKIN' CUNT!

Helen lifts her head and quickly switches on the side lamp.

She watches in horror while the Assailant continuously plunges a knife into her husband's neck, chest and abdomen.

Her screams are muted as she's knocked to the floor by the force of a punch across her skull.

Kris gasps as every ounce of breath drains from his body and he lies slumped across the bloodied mattress.

DEV BAKSHI -
No one threatens me either, you
piece of shit!

INT. PRISON VISITING HALL - DAY

Kiki wears a sling over her shoulder as she waits at a table. She is soon joined by SHELLEY PETERS.

They kiss before they sit down.

SHELLEY
What's happened to you?

KIKI
Don't ask. They failed.

SHELLEY
Kris?

KIKI

I think so yeah.

(pauses)

Anyway, how are you coping?

SHELLEY

Not well. I hate it.

KIKI

Have you heard anything from the appeal board yet?

SHELLEY

No. Nothing yet.

KIKI

I'm sure you'll hear something soon.

SHELLEY

How did you manage to pull it off?

KIKI

A plausible explanation, I think.

SHELLEY

I always knew you were smart, Kiki.

(pauses)

Have they let you back in?

KIKI

Yeah. Last chance saloon and all that.

SHELLEY

Well good luck. I was never cut out for it really, was I?

KIKI

You were great as Snow Leopard.

SHELLEY

(chuckles)

Medusa. Idiotic names they gave us, weren't they?

KIKI

They were.

SHELLEY

But we had a laugh, didn't we?

KIKI

Sliding up and down those poles,
who wouldn't?

SHELLEY

Yeah.

A protracted silence.

SHELLEY /

I miss you so much.

(cries)

I did it for you.

KIKI

I know... and that's why I want
to help you get out of here.

SHELLEY

He wasn't worth it.

KIKI

I know. No man is.

EXT/INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Kiki, DS Nunn and a team of SFO OFFICERS bust open the front
door and rush through into the hallway.

DS NUNN

POLICE! NOBODY MOVE!

Kiki races up the stairs towards the bedroom where Dev Bakshi
stands naked with a FIREARM placed in his open hand.

KIKI

DROP YOUR WEAPON NOW!

He drops the weapon to the floor.

KIKI /

NOW GET DOWN ON THE FLOOR!

He complies and lies down on the floor.

KIKI /

HANDS BEHIND YOU BACK!

He complies.

KIKI /

Dev Bakshi, I'm arresting you for
the murder of Kris Savva, aka,
Yeti.

(cuffs him)

You do not have to say anything
but it may harm your defence if
you do not mention when
questioned something which you
rely on in court. Anything you do
say may be given in evidence. Now
on your feet!

She helps him to his feet.

KIKI /

Times up for you, buddy.

She leads him out of the property and puts him inside a
police vehicle.

DS Nunn approaches.

DS NUNN

Good work, Kiki.

KIKI

Thanks. You know I think I needed
that after everything that's
happened.

FADE OUT.

THE END